FISHING IN GRAVESEND BAY

TO WHICH FORMERLY THE SHAD CAME IN GREAT NUMBERS.

Where Once Everybody, Including the Farmers Back, Was Interested in Fishing—No Shad Nets Set This Year for First Time in the Bay's History.

For the first time in its history there was this year no shad fishing in Gravesend Bay, where fishing had been carried on regularly year after year since the time when the Dutch first settled on its shores, now more than 250 years ago.

There was a time when this bay was one of the best shad fishing waters around New York, when there were living around its edge 200 fishermen who made a business of fishing, following it the year around and setting their nets or hauling their seines for shad in the spring. In those days there were farmers whose lands came down to the bay who thought more of their fishing rights in its waters than they did of their farms, because they got more profit out of their spring fishing than they did out of their year's farming.

And there were farmers living back from the shore who had no waterfront, but had acquired fishing rights in the bay and risk followed fishing for shad in the spring, and so in those days, and up to as recently as fifty years ago, there might have been seen three miles back from the bay farmers tarring their fishing nets and getting ready for their fishing when the shad came.

In those days farmers living still further back from the bay, cultivating farms on land that is now cut up by streets and avenues and covered with many buildings, farmers who had no fishing rights, used to come down to the bay in the spring fishing season to buy a hundred or two hundred shad to salt away. Sometimes when the seines were hauled there would be seen on the beach fifty or a hundred wagons driven in by farmers who had come to buy shad to salt.

And the shad then were plentiful. There are said to have been caught in one big haul in the cove at the south end of Gravesend Bay 10,000 shad.

So in those old days it was not only a fishing community that dwelt on the shores of the bay, but the fishing interests and the interest in fishing extended for miles back among the neighboring farmers, and everybody, old and young, who lived in the old towns around the bay was interested in the bay and the fishing. Then came a time when the fishermen living along the shore, who followed fishing at all seasons, gradually bought up and absorbed the land along the water, and the old days of farmer fishing were over, and thereafter the fishing in the bay was continued by men who made a business of it, by men whose forefathers may have been fishermen in these same waters back through many years. Here, for instance, is one family that has dwelt continuously on the shores of Gravesend Bay for 200 years, where it still remains, and of each succeeding generation of which at least one man has been a fisherman.

When the earlier fishermen came they took up as their own, for the purposes of all the year round fishing, convenient locations under water in the bay, and later comers in like manner took up still other locations, the fishing grounds thus selected being defined by ranges on the land or by poles set in the water. The right to a plot thus selected was always respected, and such a plot was always considered as permanently belonging to the fishermen locating it. Fathers left such locations to their sons, and nobody questioned the son's right of possession; and if a fisherman retired and sold his fishing outfit the location that he had held would go to the man to whom he sold his nets, whose use of it would be undisputed.

About fifty years ago, when the waters of the bay inshore for such fishing as was done in them were in this manner pretty well occupied there came a time when it was thought by some people that the fishermen of the old town of Gravesend, which bordered on one part of the bay, were encroaching on the waters of the other part, which was bordered by the old town of New Utrecht, and when some people thought that the fishermen of New Utrecht were encroaching on the waters fronting the town of Gravesend; and then the fishermen of both towns called a joint meeting on the beach to continue out the dividing line between the towns in a line that could be defined by ranges extending across the surface of the bay.

To decide where this imaginary line should run there was chosen by common consent a citizen who had the respect and confidence of all, and he set up a compass at the dividing line on the beach and decided that the line should run out west by north a little westerly, and turning to the New Utrecht men he said:

"Are you satisfied with that line?"

And they said they were. Then he turned to the men of Gravesend and asked them the same question and they were likewise satisfied, and thus was his decision accepted and it was always respected. Thereafter no New Utrecht fisherman sought to stake out an under water plot south of the line, nor did any Gravesend fisherman seek to stake out a plot north of it.

The great shad fishing in the spring was carried on in a different way. This was done commonly further off shore or outside of the established under water plots, and often with drifting gill nets or with great seines that were hauled.

In the old days shad nets were often hauled around Coney Island Point, and then when the shad came in the fishermen of Gravesend Bay used to race for Coney Island Point to see who should have the first haul, which was conceded to the men of the first boat to reach the point, and the rest hauled in the order of their arrival.

Often set nets were placed in the bay, extending out in long lines for a great distance beyond the established all the year round fishing grounds. Ten men, for example, might get together and run out such a line a mile into the bay. Now, the nets in some parts of this line might prove to be of much more value than others did; whether the shad would come well inshore or stay well out might depend on the season and the weather and the water, and so in the nets of some parts of this line many shad might be caught, and along other parts of the line few, and nobody could tell from season to season just what would happen.

So before the shad came these ten men would divide this long line into many numbered sections, and write these numbers on as many lots and shake these lots together in a hat, and then each man would draw a number at a time until all the lots had been drawn. A man might draw sections in one part of the line one year and in another part another, and in any year he might draw sections bunched or scattered, and sometimes after the drawing the men would trade sections among themselves for their mutual convenience in getting sections together.

But by the drawing each man had at least an equal chance to get what was coming. And so in all ways did the spirit of fair dealing run among the fishermen of the bay. Some might prosper more than others and some might save more, but every man respected the understood rights of the others.

In those days there was great fishing in the bay, and here were to be found lobsters and clams and crabs and oysters, as well as all sorts of fishes such as are familiar hereabouts, for in its nature and situation the bay was attractive to all these forms of life, and into its sunny waters were sure to come such venturesome fishes of the south as in summer might have strayed this far north. Its waters teemed with aquatic life, and there are few if any fishes ever seen in these latitudes that have not been found in Gravesend Bay.

That great catch of 10,000 shad in a single haul of a seine was made about a hundred years ago, but through many years later the shad fishing in the bay continued as good as in any waters hereabouts, with years when the fishing was at its best, when the fishermen would take from 250,000 to 300,000 shad in a spring's fishing. And the shad fishing continued good here, in fact, down to as recently as twenty years ago. In 1888 there were taken at one time out of one pound net in Gravesend Bay 842 shad, and from nets of various sorts one man took in that year as the result of a single day's fishing 1,925 shad.

Up to ten years ago the shad fishing in the bay continued fairly profitable and in some years good, though the numbers taken were fewer than in the old years. But before that the number of fishermen living around the bay had greatly diminished, so that twenty years ago they numbered probably not more than thirty men. The farms back had disappeared or were fast disappearing before the encroachments of a city. And the shore line was rapidly increasing in value and being bought for other uses than fishing, for places of residence and for common resorts and for various business purposes, and there were left but few desirable places to haul up, and the bay itself came finally to be occupied by yacht and boat clubs and for pleasure sailing.

With all these changes continuing the older fishermen retired from fishing, and their number continued to diminish, some taking up other business and employments, while their sons sought other occupations, and finally, within the last ten years, what with the increased traffic on the bay and the increasing pollution of the harbor's waters, the number of shad coming in gradually diminished: and in the last six years shad fishing in Gravesend Bay has been practically a failure.

There still remain about the bay some men who follow fishing, but of the fishermen of the old time sort who followed fishing the year around and who caught shad in the spring there now remains but a single one. And this year he set no shad nets. For the first time in the history of the bay it has not been fished for shad. And so it may safely be said that we have seen the last of shad fishing in Gravesend Bay.

BULL M'CARTHY, HISTORIAN.

South Street Legends as Related by a Studious Policeman.

A stoutish man with a sober face emphasized by the reflective droop to the corners of his mouth stands at the corner of South street and Peck Slip. If you are well acquainted with the Swamp and the city's eastern waterfront you recognize the reddish mustache and the alert eye, and say aloud:

"There's Lieut. Bull McCarthy!"

A sudden wheel and a hearty sailor's voice:

"Hello, Johnny, how are you? Going down the line? My day off and I'm just looking around here at the most historic part of New York city.

"D'ye see that old building on the north side of Peck slip here between Front and South streets—the one with the big double windows amidships? That used to be a boat loft, and not many years ago either. Yes, you can see the word 'Boats' over the second story now. I can remember when they built boats there and lifted 'em right out the front with tackle into water.

"Notice how broad Peck slip is here all the way up to Front street, and then it narrows to one-half its width and we have Ferry street. Years ago all this broad space between Front and South streets, two blocks now, used to be water. Front street was the waterfront then and twenty foot of brine. Then you took the ferry here at the foot of Ferry street for Breukelyn or Brook's Village. There was an Englishman, a New Englander, came here to New Amsterdam. He and the Dutch settlers had a row and they fired him out of the colony. He went across the East River and founded Brook's Village. Pretty soon so many people wanted to go over to Brook's Village that they had to start up a ferry to take 'em across. Later the Brooklyn Bridge arrived, and I believe we have a subway to Brook's Village now.

"In those times and later that old boat loft you see now faced right on deep water. The waterfront advanced to Water street and then to South street.

"South street used to be a great place in the old days. A hundred ships lay along there, their bowsprits arching the street like so many girders. When a schooner came in her crew would leave the martingale down till a horse car came along. Then they'd swarm out on the bowsprit and drop aboard the car, the martingale would be triced up and the held up car allowed to pass along.

"Come over here to the southwest corner of Peck slip and Front street. See this old barrel sticking out of the sidewalk hard by the lamp post? That's the end of an old British gun which fell off a truck when the redcoats were evacuating New York via Peck slip. They didn't think it worth while to haul her up. Here's about four feet above ground and there's twelve feet more below. She's a sixteen foot gun, what they called a 'Long Tom.' You see, instead of increasing the charge in those days they lengthened the gun, thinking that would carry the charge further and more truly.

"Did ye notice the roof on that old boat loft and the neighboring buildings? They're old, maybe 200 years old for the most part, Dutch buildings with high, sloping mansard Dutch roofs and gables.

"Got to go? Well, before ye go, do you know why the Dutch built those high, sloping roofs and gables? No? Well, it was to save taxes.

"In the old days they taxed the property according to the number of stories in the building. By fashioning those high pitched roofs the old timers managed to get one or two extra stories in without being taxed for them, for the stories were reckoned from the front of the building.

"Well, some time when you've the time come down here and see real history. We have it thick about us here. So long, Johnny."

JUST WARMING UP.

Man for Whom a Nice Warm Corner in Hades Had No Terrors.

A man who has lived in the Dutch West Indies for years came back to New York last fall. After two decades of sizzling in the tropics, life in the North promised to develop into one long, grand chill. Only recently, when the spring sun has begun to get really busy, has he shown any symptoms of thawing out.

"It isn't that I'm exactly warm now," he explained the other day; "it's just that I begin to hope that I will be some time. I feel a good deal like the darky who migrated from a right hot spot down in Florida and settled in Boston.

"The old fellow hadn't dwelt long in that atmosphere of cold reason and east winds before a mortal chill assailed him, body and spirit. Winter came on. The northeast gales and the lecture season were at their bitterest and the darky got colder and colder and stiffer and stiffer.

"First he couldn't walk. Then he couldn't talk. Then he couldn't eat. Finally he lay stark and cold and dead.

"The family prepared to dispose of his remains. When he first reached Boston, before he froze up so that he couldn't get out, he had passed a crematory one day and had been enchanted with it. It appealed very warmly indeed to him, and he had requested his relatives to see that his remains were cremated when he should come to die.

"So they carried his body off to the crematory and handed it over to the persons in charge. They were told that it would take about two hours to reduce the body to ashes, and were invited to remain or to return at the end of that period to witness the opening of the furnace.

"At the end of the two hours, therefore, in the presence of the assembled friends, the door of the furnace was opened, whereupon a hoarse voice from within called out irritably:

" 'Shut dat door! I feel a draf' on my feet!' "

COYOTE ROUNDUPS IN KANSAS

NEW SPORT IN WHICH WHOLE TOWNSHIPS ENGAGE.

Hundreds of Men and Some Women Combine to Clean Up Their Neighborhoods—Fun for All, Many Dead Jack Rabbits and a Few Scalps of Wolves the Result.

ABILENE, Kan., May 8.—This is the time when the Western farmers get even with the coyote and all his pestiferous tribe. Sixteen neighborhood hunts have taken place in this county alone in the last eight weeks, cleaning up every one of the 850 square miles that have been more or less infested by the "varmints."

"What's the use of letting these critters eat up our hens and throttle our sheep?" asked the farmers of one another early in the spring, and they planned for a wholesale vengeance.

They carried notices to the county papers, reading like this:

GRAND WOLF HUNT.

There will be a wolf hunt in Garfield township next Saturday. Lines will be formed at 10 o'clock. Roundup on Section Twelve. Only shotguns allowed. No dogs. Everybody come. COMMITTEE.

This is all the notice needed. Preparations are widespread, and as the weather has been fine for the last few weeks the attendance has not been confined to the territory designated.

"Can't help you to-morrow," says the merchant's chore man on Friday evening. "Goin' to th' wolf hunt."

The merchant is probably going too, for all sorts and conditions of hunters have taken part. Farm lads jostle clerks and mechanics from the towns; ministers in frayed frock coats, doctors, the Sheriff, and even some sturdy prairie girls in hunting costume have walked over the course.

Lining up is a serious business. It is a poor wolf hunt that does not have at least 600 armed men in the list. Some definite order must be observed to insure proper work. Here is where the master hand of the captain comes in. He is the commander in chief of the wolf hunt.

The captain has done little all the week but get ready. He has ridden to the farms of his neighbors and has issued orders to his staff of aides.

"I want some good men," he says; "men that will make the crazy hunters come to time. If you see one shooting sidewise get off and lick him."

"Guns straight ahead!" is the order, and the march is at double quick. No dogs are allowed and only shotguns can be carried by the hunters.

Away over in the centre of the biggest pasture is a tall pole. Not many large pastures are left, but this one covers a half section. The pole carries a flag at its top and is to be the centre of the roundup. Toward it every hunter walks.

Scarcely has the long, irregular string of rough clad hunters started when from the tufts of prairie grass spring up the nervous jack rabbits, and with their huge ears laid close across their backs go scurrying away on their zigzag course. Right then and there the hunting fun begins.

Bang, bang, bang! rattles down the advancing line. At first the farm boys stop to pick up the rabbits, but they cease that—they cannot hope to carry home all the game of this sort. Some slash off a pair of ears as evidence of their prowess, but most stalk on—double quick.

The marshals canter up and down, their horses becoming more nervous with every trip. The riders feel the importance of their position.

"Here, not so fast—keep back," they order as part of a line is making too great speed. "Faster—don't let them beat you in," as another section is laggard.

It is a swift march all the time, for every one is eager to get to the goal with the others. Every one knows that off there to the south is coming another line with hunters dropping rabbits and occasionally seeing a coyote as it sneaks through a draw or rounds a thick hedge: It is a very nervous time in Wolfville.

Not many coyotes are left in the well settled counties of Kansas, the bounty offers having brought about a state of almost extermination. But in every township is a family or two that defies the best of the hunters until there is an organized force like this.

Br'er Wolf scarcely understands the new deal. He skips out at first care free and at ease. No dogs are allowed on the hunts, so he sees no reason for excitement. On and on he goes, wondering what the constantly thickening line behind him means. Then suddenly he hears shots ahead—and there is another line coming to meet him on the other side.

This is his first alarm. He breaks into a run and turns to the right, meaning to get away from the opposing hosts.

Another line is to the right; another line to the left.

This is the wolf's day of disaster. As the lines come closer together the noise is multiplied many fold. Like the wolf, hundreds of rabbits are enclosed in the closing walls. Now it is that the wolf hunt becomes interesting.

With eight hundred men surrounding a section it means they are about twenty-five feet apart. With every forward step they come nearer. The wolf, who has delayed until now, sees little chance for escape. The rattle of shotguns is like that of an army in action. The rabbits are falling by the score, and all the time the men are marching at double quick time toward the pole out there in the centre of the pasture where flutters a red streamer.

The men are tired with their four mile walk at double quick. Each is eager for the honor of killing a wolf and taking it back to town or to the farm. The excitement increases with every moment.

Over by the roundup pole is a company of sightseers. Sometimes on a pleasant day there are a hundred or more. The families of the hunters are there with wagons to take the men home. Automobiles from town are lined up, half a dozen or so. The younger boys and girls are out to see the fun, and not having been allowed in line get the best of it here.

To the onlooker it is pretty reckless sport at this stage of the game. The shooting is so rapid and the men are coming so close together that it seems almost a miracle that none is hurt.

"No more wolf hunts for me," said a town man who watched the end of one from his automobile. "There will be murder here some day, and I do not want to see it. There ought to be a law against this kind of sport."

But so far there has been nothing of the kind. The men are used to handling guns and they are under the watchfulness of the marshals, who are riding up and down just behind them.

"Here you, Jim, get out of line and give up your gun!" is an order that rings out occasionally—and Jim obeys.

Neighborhood honor makes him obey. That is the safety of the roundup. But for it there would be a homicide every Saturday.

It is usually about noon when the lines come together. It is inspiring to see the hundreds of hunters come in over the swells of the pasture. Two or three wolves, driven now to desperation, race around among the not less excited men.

Nearer and nearer come the lines, and finally Br'er Wolf sees too late that his forlorn hope is a dash through the lines, and he tries it. He gets only to the edge of the draw, when a volley is directed at him and his career ends. His companions, who were shrewder than he, slipped through the scattered lines early in the hunt and hid far away along the river.

Then all the hunters and the visitors who have followed back of the lines in carriages, on horseback, and in automobiles gather at the pole where Br'er Wolf's gray carcass is tied, held high that all may see. Incidents of the morning's hunt are reviewed, announcements of other hunts to come are made, stories of the wolves that got away are related.

Many of the company have brought lunch and the affair is turned into a picnic occasion, made merrier by the hearty good cheer engendered by the four mile walk in the crisp morning air in which all have indulged. It is a satisfaction to the farmers to know that forty to sixty sections have been cleared of "varmints" and that the young chickens will be safer.

The country roads are clouds of dust as the throng breaks up and the loaded wagons and the sputtering automobiles start homeward. Jokes and greetings are exchanged from vehicle to vehicle as the parties separate at the section corners. The townfolk have perhaps brought their lunch and are eating it beside a farmhouse or in the lee of a hedge.

By 4 o'clock the automobiles and buggies are back in town, the farmers are back at work, the prize winners are resting from their boasts. This is the way it figures out:

800 men ¼ day each	$800
Ammunition	240
Total	$1,040
To two wolf bounties	$2
To fun	1,038
Total	$1,040

The hunters like it, and the hardware men, who have been compelled to telegraph orders for more powder and shot, are enthusiastically in favor of the sport. Everybody is happy—except the forlorn, lank, discouraged coyotes.

END OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD COYOTE HUNT IN KANSAS.

THOSE WHO DIE WITHOUT KIN

WHAT LITTLE PROPERTY THEY LEAVE THE CITY GETS.

It May Be One Cent or Several Thousand Dollars, but It All Passes Through the Mill of the Public Administrator's Office—Hundreds of "Estates" Under $1.

Thousands of persons die every year in this city whose only obituary notice is a line in the *City Record*, the journal published by the city daily except on legal holidays. Sometimes this obituary notice is but a name, sometimes not even that.

Those whose departure from life is recorded thus briefly are without home or known kindred. Whatever property they may die possessed of, even the clothes of a penniless suicide, passes into the hands of the Public Administrator, who makes an accurate record and reports fully once a year to the Board of Aldermen. His report is published in the *City Record*, and thus even the unidentified dead get a public notice of their passing.

The Public Administrator of New York county, at present William M. Hoes, is a busy man. The law sets forth in detail the cases in which he must act.

In general the property of all persons dying within the county without leaving a will goes into his hands. But in many cases relatives of the dead man or woman intervene and get appointed administrators. If they do not the Public Administrator takes charge of the estate.

The Coroners, the Commissioner of Charities, the Superintendent of Bellevue Hospital, the Board of Health and other public bodies and officials report to the Public Administrator all cases of death coming under their official notice. Some cases of intestacy develop in the Surrogates' Court and are turned over to the Public Administrator.

Then, too, the law requires that every person keeping a hotel or boarding or lodging house shall report to the Public Administrator the name of every person not a member of his family who shall die in his house within twelve hours after such death. Undertakers must report similarly in the cases of persons they bury having no next of kin known to them.

This provision of the law is well lived up to, as each year hotel and boarding house keepers and undertakers receive circular letters from the Public Administrator quoting the law and the penalties of its violation. So it may be said in general that every death which should come to the notice of the Public Administrator does come to his notice.

Naturally enough the estates which pass through the Public Administrator's hands are of small amount. Any one who has much property to dispose of makes a will or next of kin are at hand to take up the work of administration, but once in a while a sizable estate does pass through the Public Administrator's hands, the next of kin in such a case being usually non-residents. The record in this county is an estate of $200,000.

It should be borne in mind that these estates are not unclaimed. Of unclaimed estates something will be said later. In thousands of cases the Public Administrator acts simply as would a private administrator or an executor under a will; he collects the moneys due, conserves the property and distributes to the next of kin according to law. Also he charges the legal commission on receiving and disbursing the estate.

In some counties the Public Administrator gets the commission as a personal fee. In New York he is a salaried official and the commission goes to the city. In 1907 the city earned $14,776.59 in commissions on the administration of estates.

The Public Administrator first provides a burial for the dead person in accordance with the amount of property left. Most often the burial is in potter's field and the city loses at that.

Few large estates are unclaimed. The proceeds of an unclaimed estate after all the legal formalities have been observed go into the city treasury. The amount turned over to the city in 1907 on account of unclaimed estates was $81,368.98.

With the commissions already mentioned this made the city's receipts from this source $96,145.57. The salary list of the Public Administrator's office foots up only $25,330, and maybe the rent and running expenses of its small office at 119 Nassau street will bring the total up to $30,000. It will be seen therefore that the city's profit was more than $65,000 in 1907.

The chief clerk of the Public Administrator, who sees not beyond the dry parchments and dull figures of his trade, will tell you that there is nothing of public interest in the procedure of the office. It is all a matter of routine with him; he cannot see that figures sometimes constitute the record of a tragedy or aromance.

The Public Administrator's report for 1907 has more than 2,000 names, and some of them, with the accompanying entries, hide many a pathetic story of blasted ambition and disappointed hopes. Most of the names on this list are Irish. There are very few Jews. Men whose occupation is given as artist, music teacher, surgeon, actor or some other of the higher occupations of life passed out of life here leaving not enough to pay the expenses of their burial.

In fact those who walked a humble way of life, such as sailor, watchman, tailor, domestic servant, left estates of several thousand dollars which the Public Administrator took charge of and distributed according to law. One man who is put down as a speculator died in luck, for he left nearly $6,000 to be distributed. And it is refreshing to read that a Swedish housekeeper laid by more than $8,000 and an Irish laundress more than $2,500 and a German printer more than $4,000.

Of the estates which were not claimed in 1907 the largest were those of Mary Mortill, $6,500; Fredericka Echarte, $4,200; Ann R. Maher, $2,850; Frank Gaudin, $2,200; Michael Brady, $1,750; Johanna Quick, $1,570, and Sarah Brennan, $1,400. There are a few others which exceed $1,000, most of them being estates of women. There is something particularly sad in the thought of a woman dying away from home and kindred, leaving the savings of a frugal life to go to one of the wealthiest of cities.

Those who die as public charges, or practically without money, form by far the longest list in the Public Administrator's report. A record is made of these estates, and the money, either cash or the proceeds of the sale of a few effects, is turned over to the city. Formal administration is not made; it isn't necessary.

The Commissioner of Public Charities turned in to the Public Accountant in 1907 some 350 estates, which reached the total of $737.61, a little more than $2 each. There are several entries of a name with one, two, three or more cents credited to the estate. Few of them exceed $1. There are many unknowns who died a few cents or a few dollars to the good.

The Commissioner turned in also $455.50, the proceeds of the sale of effects of 374 persons. This list averages much lower, and nearly all the entries are under $1.

The Coroners turned in $381.50 as the estates of 287 persons dying alone and in poverty, and $100.39 from the sale of the effects of sixty-three persons. Here is an excerpt from this list, which tells its own story:

Unknown man, No. 161 Norfolk street; less expenses, $1	$3.04
Unknown woman, Dover street and East River	.20
Unknown man, No. 3 Ludlow street	.15
Unknown man, Ninety-fifth street and East River	2.10
Unknown man, Eighteenth street and North River	1.87
Unknown man, Pier 27, North River	.62
Unknown man, North River, Cortlandt street; less expenses, $1.20	3.80
Unknown man, North River and Forty-ninth street	.80
Unknown man (black), Thirty-third street tunnel and First avenue	.05
Kane Buckfeider	1.13
Charles Edwards	.52
D. Giusseppe	1.90
—— Hart	.35

There are more of these unknowns with just an address to show where they were killed in an accident or murdered, or killed themselves, or maybe died naturally, the body worn out in the life struggle. Many of these unknowns came from the rivers where they had sought rest.

There are some American names in this list, but most of them have a foreign look, indicating that the promised land did not fulfil the expectations of their bearers. Irish, Italian, Poles, Greeks and other nationalities—all found their sole obituary in the dry pages of a public document.

The Coroners' list is sad reading, and that from Bellevue Hospital no less so. Bellevue turned in to the Public Administrator 629 estates, total value, $598.70, and proceeds from the sale of the effects of 169 persons, $207.19.

Who George Rosenthal is no one has been found who knows, but he died in Bellevue and left one cent, which in the due course of official wandering got to the City Treasury. When Thomas Graham died he had $6.06, but included in his estate was a counterfeit dime, so he gets a credit of only $5.96 on the Public Administrator's books.

The Board of Health turned in $2.90 for eight estates and $22.05 from the sale of effects of forty-five persons. The House of Relief furnished sixty-four estates, value $22.62; and proceeds of effects, sixteen persons, $17.50. The Department of Correction collected fifteen estates of the value of $28.10.

The city doesn't need this money, but it has to take it.

LONG ISLAND BY TROLLEY.

A Six Hour Rambling Trip to Be Made at a Cost of 60 Cents.

If you wish to see the western part of Long Island in a few hours, and at small expense, there is no better way to do it than by trolley.

In returning it is not necessary to retrace one foot of the ground covered in going; while for those who do not care to go all the way round, there are places where one can leave the trolley and by train or boat reach the sea in a few minutes.

The starting point for this trip is the Manhattan end of Brooklyn Bridge, where you board a Kings County elevated train for the City Line. At the City Line the eastbound Long Island trolley cars wait for passengers. They run every thirty minutes, leaving at a quarter before and a quarter after the hour.

You inquire for the Hempstead car, and having found it, get aboard and settle yourself comfortably for a long ride; first through the outlying districts of the city, next through that part of the island where the small farms of market gardeners are scattered, and finally through the real country and villages of Long Island.

Along the country roads you pass from time to time quaint old houses of a century ago—comfortable homes in their day but now fast falling in ruins. You see women working in the fields, giving to the place so much the air of a foreign land that you almost imagine yourself in the Old World, when suddenly, nearing a village, a signboard advertising lots for sale in such and such a park, or on so and so terrace, brings you back to present day Long Island. You get a glimpse of property cut up into building lots and streets, with sidewalks laid and young shade trees planted; then you are back again in the open country or passing through a bit of woodland, only to be greeted by the advertisement of another land company when you approach the next village on the line.

You are carried twenty-two miles out the South Shore, passing successively through the villages of Rosedale, Valley Stream, Lynbrook, Rockville Centre and Baldwin to Freeport.

At Rosedale the trolley route crosses another line which runs to Far Rockaway, and at Lynbrook it passes the railroad station, where, if it strikes your fancy, you can take a train to Long Beach. Continuing on the trolley you get occasional distant glimpses from here on of Hempstead Bay and its inlets, dotted with tiny sails.

After passing Rockville Centre and just as you are leaving Baldwin you come to a little settlement known as Millburn, the name by which the whole of Baldwin was known in years gone by. It is a fishing settlement, made up of the fishermen's homes, boathouses and oyster houses, all huddled together on a strip of land which borders the inlet.

The winding channel which threads the surrounding meadows is filled with small sailboats, while here and there a reel, hung with drying nets, adds to the picturesqueness of the spot. During the season large quantities of oysters are shipped to the city from here as well as from Freeport, the next village beyond.

If when the car reaches Freeport you are tired of the trip you can change to a branch road which will quickly convey you to a wharf where boats take passengers for Point Lookout. Return ticket, 25 cents.

After entering Freeport the through trolley line turns north and runs four miles through Main street to Hempstead, passing through the village of Roosevelt en route. At Hempstead you can transfer to Garden City and Mineola. The Garden City trip is well worth while.

Having seen Garden City, you return to Hempstead, where a westbound trolley car running along the side of one of the roads of the course formerly used for the automobile races starts you homeward, through Queens and past the Belmont racing park to Jamaica.

At Jamaica you have the choice of several routes to return to the city. You can take a trolley car to either Brooklyn Bridge or Broadway ferry; or again, you can go to Flushing and transfer to a car for Long Island City, from which place a ferry crosses the river to East Thirty-fourth street.

By the time you reach Manhattan you will have spent about six hours trolleying; your carfares for the round trip have amounted to only 55 or 60 cents, according to the route taken, and you have gained a much better general idea of the west end of Long Island than you could possibly get in any other way in so short a time, and at trifling expense.

SHOPPING AT HALIFAX.

All the Stores There Give You 10 Per Cent. Off on Everything You Buy.

The shopper in New York takes it for granted that she will not buy at even figures; she pays 98 cents, or $1.43 or $3.87, whatever it may be, and is content so long as she is certain she has made a bargain. So it is a shock to her when she goes to some place where a different system of pricing goods and of offering bargains obtains.

"I got my greatest shock in Halifax, N. S.," said a New York woman. "They're the queerest people up there. It's a queer old city anyway. It looks as if it were built in very ancient times; reminded me of an old English garrison town. At every step you took you met a soldier.

"Beautiful old place, though, built on a steep hillside that lovely harbor. But I was telling about the shops.

"You see, I'd been told that it was a good place to buy things much cheaper than in New York, so when my husband and I landed there for a three days stay I made up my mind I'd do some shopping.

"Well, the shops were lovely—lots of room, attentive salespersons and all that. The first thing I got was marked $3, and I thought it was a bargain and said I'd take it. I counted my change and found I'd got $2.30 back for my $5 bill.

" 'Guess you've made a mistake,' I said to the young woman who waited on me. 'You've given me 30 cents too much,' and I handed back the 30 cents.

" 'Oh, no, that's all right,' she told me. 'Ten per cent. off, you know.'

"I supposed it was some special discount on the class of goods I'd bought and went on to another shop.

"The same thing happened again. I began to wonder, then, thinking it odd that I'd struck two 10 per cent. discounts in one morning's shopping.

"At the third sto—shop, I mean, I nearly forgot myself and said store—you mustn't do that in an English town—I picked out something I wanted for $10. I hesitated a moment over the price and the young woman said:

" 'Of course, with the discount it's only $9.'

" 'Mercy me!' I said. 'What do you mean by your discount? If you only want $9 why don't you mark it that?'

" 'You're a stranger here,' she said. 'Why, we always give 10 per cent. discount on everything.'

" 'All the shops?' I asked.

" 'All of them,' she said.

"But what good does that do?' I burst out. 'Why not mark all goods right in the first place?'

" 'The people expect 10 per cent. off,' was her answer, and I couldn't get any more out of her.

"Why the people like it I'm sure I don't know, for it reduces shopping to a dead level. Takes all the fun and excitement out of it. Why on earth don't they vary their eternal 10 per cent. off and make it 8½ or 9 1-16 once in a while and give the shopper a run for her money?

"Still, if you could see the women dress in Halifax you'd understand. They all dress alike; that is, they're all dowdy. They don't care how their clothes fit, so I suppose they don't care how they buy them."

And the New York woman passed on, in a hurry to get to So and So's department store before all the hats for $9.79 had been grabbed up.

WHALING LOOKS UP A BIT

AT LEAST THERE ARE MORE WHALES TO BE CAUGHT.

But the American Woman Doesn't Seem to Be Doing Her Duty, as the Demand for Whalebone Is Falling Off—Old Whaling Ships That Are Still in the Business.

After nearly half a century of gradual decline the whaling industry is considerately reviving—considerately, because not counting the somehow allied business of trapping for furs whaling has been the most adventurous and romantic means of gaining a livelihood wherein Americans have engaged. Truthful stories of adventure, romance and song have told of the whaler's life, and it is not well to have such seasonings of the world's work disappear.

There is no sensational boom to startle in this revival, but the reports from the two principal whaler ports, New Bedford and Victoria on the Pacific, tell a story which gives hope for the future. In all, Americans reported a catch of three times as many bowheads in 1907 as were caught in the previous year, and that the product is still profitable is shown by the fact that last year the Pacific Whaling Company paid dividends of 23 and 16 per cent. on its preferred and common stock.

Old whalers whose joy in the promise of renewed prosperity for the industry is plainly more the delight of sportsmen than capitns of industry reckon that the long partial rest from insistent pursuit which the whales have enjoyed is the reason for their appearance in larger numbers. Whales do not have large families and the kiddies take time to grow to husky fifty-ton youngsters, but nevertheless the increase and the growth are all right, if slow, when the herds have half a century or so of immunity.

How little, relatively, has been doing in the whale hunt line for some time a few figures will show. In 1833, which was high water mark for whalebone, 5,652,300 pounds of it was brought in, while last year the amount was only 152,500 pounds.

In 1851 the old whaling barks brought in 328,500 barrels of whale oil, but last year only 4,240. The total of United States whalers fell from 736 craft to 33.

But just as nature has replenished the supply of raw material to gladden the heart of the romantic, the bothersome operations of trade are doing things to give the practical the blues. This relates to whalebone.

Only within the past year the price of that has dropped from $5.25 to $4 a pound, with scant demand. Wanted, a society of patriotic women to campaign for a renewed use of whalebone. If our granddames used up five and a half million pounds of whalebone, what's the matter with the present generation?

Time was, so it is reported, when every woman had her dress waists stiffened and moulded with several ounces of whalebone, to say nothing about what went into her corsets. What has happened? Is there a near whalebone? Every woman who likes a romance of the sea should brace up. Not with steel, but whalebone.

There is to-day, or there was on March 16, according to the esteemed *Shipping Illustrated*, from which these figures are obtained, 110,000 pounds of whalebone, with market quiet and no sales reported. Just as the whales are doing their duty is the American woman going to neglect hers?

It is impossible to dig into any source of information about whaling without coming upon fascinating stories of the long and adventurous careers of some of the famous ships in the trade three-quarters of a century ago. It almost seems as if some of them had been preserved and made water and time proof by the cargoes they carried.

There is the old whaling bark Canton still doing business, although she was launched at Baltimore in 1835. She was a fast packet passenger boat between Baltimore and Liverpool until 1845, when the whaler business needed just such a ship and she was sold to the Tuckers of New Bedford for that trade.

She hunted whales in many waters, and on many cruises returned with oil and bone worth $100,000—picked out of the sea. You may find pictures of her in any old whaling book in the attic printed nearly half a century ago perhaps, and that is what makes interesting the fact that the good old Canton as late as 1901—she was 67 years old then—came into New Bedford with a whaler's cargo worth $45,000. The 1908 intelligence of the good old lady, now 73, is "as sound and sturdy as any new craft afloat."

She may last to enjoy the oily fruits of a notable revival of the good old industry; that is, ladies, if you will restore the whalebone stiffening to your waists.

THE GIRL SHOOTS CRAPS.

A Little Apostle of Woman's Rights and Rather a Grimy One.

Woman with her struggle for votes and her various moves for independence isn't becoming any more emancipated than one small girl who was on Spruce street the other evening.

Grimy and unkempt, she didn't look like an apostle of equal rights, but there she was, squatting down with four or five newsboys shooting craps.

When it came her pass she rattled the bones, snapped her fingers and gave that sharp intake of the breath that all well regulated crap shooters make. She scrapped for her points just like a boy.

SLEEPING IN FACE OF ENEMY.

Uncontrolable Desire in Situations of Great Tension—Army Surgeon's Story.

From the British Medical Journal.

It is not an unknown thing for a soldier to fall asleep even when ostensibly taking an active part in an action. A case in point is supplied by an interesting communication from a London surgeon who served in South Africa. He writes

Any one who has seen men in situations of great tension knows that some of them—in fact a small minority of them—may be overcome by an uncontrollable desire to sleep. It affects some men more than others. At Honning Spruit, June, 1900, the writer happened to be the only surgeon on the spot when Col. Bullock (now Gen. Bullock) was attacked for about nine hours by a Boer force double his own in numbers, better armed and assisted by artillery. We were without this invaluable assistance. The Boers failed to take the post.

During the attack the writer visited a trench in which one man was badly hit and another was lying apparently dead, except that he had not the color of a man killed in action. The writer turned him over to get a better look at him and found the man had been sound asleep; and this was not the only case of sleeping that day.

Col. Bullock's force were called upon to repel at attack at about 7 A. M. on empty stomachs, were obliged to lie face downward in shallow trenches and endure the shell and rifle fire from all but invisible foes; and in the sun, after a sleepless night of travel in railway trucks, a few of them went to sleep. The main cause, the writer believes, was the tension of the situation in the absence of active physical exertion.

The writer felt the same desire for sleep, but active employment kept him awake. The wounded, except the most severely wounded, soon succumbed to the beautiful action of this natural anæsthetic.

A Paragon That Eloped.

Paris correspondence London Daily Mail.

The reward for hard work and meritorious conduct was awarded at Montmorency a few days ago to Mlle. Louise, who was crowned with a wreath as "rosière" of the town, an honor which falls only to the most industrious and respected. The Mayor, who conducts the ceremony, remarked that the town should be proud of so blameless a life as the "rosière's."

The same evening the paragon eloped with one of the local policemen, a married man.